

THE

CAMBRO BRITON

Robb'd of his

BAUBLE.

To which is annex'd,

Bob and Harry:

A NEW

Occasional SONG.

L O N D O N:

Printed, and Sold by J. SMITH, near the *Ex-*
change; and A. MOORE, near St. Paul's Church
Yard. M.DCC.XXVII.

[Price 6d.]

15 77473



*Gift of
Curtis S. May
of Boston*

CAMBRIDGE

Robt. of his

BABBLE.

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A NEW

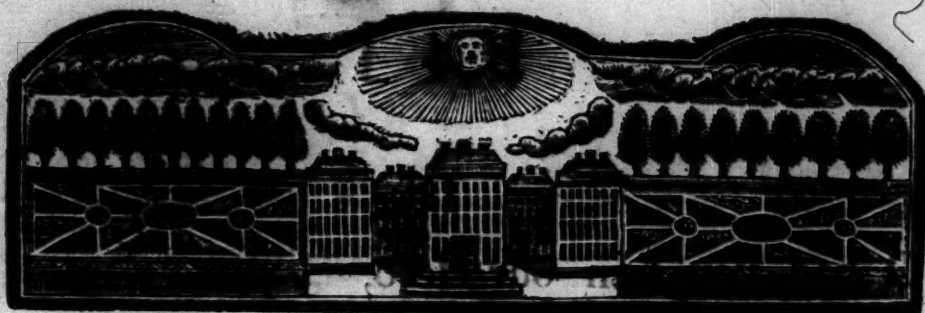
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MAY 15 1916



THE
CAMBRO BRITON

Robb'd of his

IV.

BAUBLE.

I.

HEA R, all ye Friends to Knighthood,

A Tale will make you wonder,

How Catiff vile,

By basest Wile,

A hardy Knight did plunder.

II.

How from this *British* Worthy,

This Knave (a Pox light on hur)

He did purloyn

IV. The only Sign,

And Badge, hur had of Honour.

III.

[4]



O had you seen our Hero,
No Knight could e'er look pigger,
Unless hur Size,

My Song belies,
Than M----- of T-----.

IV.

A Rippan graced hur Shoulder,
A Star shone on hur Breast, Sir,
With smart Tupee,
Fort Bien Poudree,

And Cockade on his Crest, Sir.

V.

This Rippan held a Bauble,
Which hur kind Stars decreed hur,
With which hur'd play,

Both Night and Day,
'Twou'd do you Good to've see'd her.

VI.

And Badge hur had of Honour.

III.

[3]

VI.

Tho' I a Bauble call it,
It must not be so slighted,
'Twas one of the Toys,
Bob gave his Boys,
When first the Chits were K-----.

VII.

Hur was the Flower of *Welchmen*,
You ne're saw such a gay Thing;
But *English* Rogue,
Confound the Dog,
Was rob hur of hur Play-thing.

VIII.

Rouse up ye true Knights Errant,
Ne'er give this Catiff Quarter;
Ye Knights of the Toast,
Or Knights of the Post,
Or T----, B----, or G----.

B

IX.

IX

Learn hence, ye courtly Lordlings,
 Who hear this fatal Story,
 On how slight Strings
 Depend those Things
 On which you place your Glory.

VII

But was the Flower of W. elchman,
 You ne're saw such a gay Thing;



But English Rogues
 Confound
 Was rob him

Roll up ye true Knights
 Ne'er give this Cat's Quarter;

Ye Knights of the Toast
 Or Knights of the Post,
 Which but kind

Or T... B... or G...
 B... Nigh...
 B... IX



Bob and Harry :

IV.

Occasional S O N G.

I.

AS Scriblers poor, who write to eat,
Ye Wags give over Jeering,
Since gall'd by *Harry*, *Bob* the Great,
Has stoop'd to Phamphleteering.

II.

Would no one Champion on his Side,
For Love or Money venture?
Must Knighthood's Mirrour, Spite of Pride,
So mean a Combat enter?

III.

III.

To take the Field, his Weakness shews,
(Tho' well he could maintain it)

Since *Hal* no Honour has to lose,
Pray how can *Robin* gain it?

IV.

Worthy each other are the Two ;
Halloo' Boys, fairly start ye,
May they be hated worse than you,
That ever strive to part ye.

I.



II.

Would no one Champion of his Side
For Love or Money venture ?
Must Knighthood's Mirror, Spite of Pride,
So mean a Combat enter ?

III.